

BABY'S EYES.
Tell me, baby sweetheart,
What would a mother do
With those shining eyes,
Like the summer dew?
That are steeped in the morning dew?
Tell me, oh, my baby,
What should a mother do
With a curly head
And lips so red,
Dyed to love's own hue?
Shall she cover them over with kisses?
Shall she kiss the sparkling eyes
And the crimson lips
Of the fragrant lips
With love that never dies?
Sear's, ye the whole world over,
There's nothing half so sweet
As the fond alarms
Of baby's arms.
And the patter of little feet;
The touch of clinging fingers,
The sound of a baby's voice,
And the going to bed
Of a drowsy head,
To make the heart rejoice.
—Buffalo Evening News.

THE FIVE FAIRIES.

There was once a little girl who had careless fingers. Of course they did not really mean to be careless, but they were always losing her hair ribbons, and forgetting to button her frocks, and leaving the dolls out in the garden all night.
One morning the little girl's fairy godmother came into the playroom. There had been a party in the doll house the day before, and the little girl had not washed the plates and teacups or brushed the crumbs from the floor. The little girl's pet kitten was playing with some tangled hair ribbons, and the girl herself sat by the window in a mussed up frock and her hair was not combed.
"Now, my dear, this will never do," said the fairy godmother. "You must go out and find five fairies to help you keep tidy. Run along, and mind you don't come home without them!"
"But I don't know which way to go," said the child, beginning to cry.
"You must find your way," said the fairy godmother, "and the five fairies will know you if you do not know them."
So the child put on her hat and started out to try to find five little fairies who would help her to keep tidy.

Well, the child went up and down the streets and the highways, peeping through the keyholes and into all the corners, but not a fairy did she see. There were only plain, ordinary, real folks about. So the child went farther still, across the meadows and down a hill, until she came to a path in a deep, dark forest. On and on she went, until she bumped right into a queer little red house under the trees. At the door of the house sat a fat little man in a red cap, spinning. Jane stopped and bowed very politely.

"Please, sir," she said, "can you tell me where I shall find five fairies?"
The little man never said a word. He just went right on sewing so fast that his needle broke and his thread knotted.

"Oh, that isn't the way to sew," said the child. "You should be careful and not pull the thread so hard."
"Well, suppose you had one dozen pinafores and two dozen pairs of knickerbockers and three dozen blouses to finish before sunset," said the little man, crossly.

The child looked, and there were the pinafores and the knickerbockers and the blouses, all cut out and piled in the doorway.

"Why, I'll help you finish them," she said.
So the child and the fat little man just sewed and sewed and sewed. When the last blouse was done, the little man looked up.

"You might go a bit farther on," he said, "to where my brother sits on the turnstile. Perhaps he has seen some fairies."

So the child went a little farther through the forest, and she came to a turnstile. There on the top sat a second little man. He was dressed in green from head to foot, and he had his arms spread out very wide to show which way the roads went.

"Please, sir," said Jane, politely, "can you tell me where I can find five fairies?"
But the little man did not answer.

"I've been out here for days and days," he said, pointing to the roads, "and I haven't been able to get down once. Look at my face and hair and my dusty coat."

"Why, you poor little thing!" said the child. "Just wait a moment and I'll tidy you a bit."

So she took her pocket handkerchief and dusted off the little man's coat. She smoothed his hair, and she brought some water from the brook in the palm of her hand and washed his face.

"There, you look much better," she said.
"I feel better," said the little pointing man, "but I haven't seen any fairies. You might ask my tall brother at the fork of the roads if he's seen any. He's just a little way ahead there, looking for his cap."

So the child went down the road, and, just where the little pointing man had told her, she saw a third little man, much taller than the others, but not very big at that. He was down on his hands and knees, looking in the grass and under the bushes.

"Pins and needles! Oh, my pins and needles!" he was saying over and over to himself. "What will Thumbkin say if I don't find my cap?"

"Is this your cap?" asked Jane, as she picked up a little round silver thing from under a leaf. It looked like nothing so much as a thimble, but the tall little man clapped it on his head and scampered away through the forest as fast as his legs could carry him. As he ran, he called back:

"No, I haven't seen any fairies, but perhaps my sister has. She is mixing cake on a stool over there. You will know her because she wears a gold ring about her neck," and the little man hurried on.

So the child looked about for a stool. Presently she spied one standing tall and straight like a real table. Beside it was the daintiest lit-

tle lady that ever was, in a little pink dress that had short sleeves, and wearing a gold ring about her neck. She had an acorn bowl, and she was stirring very fast with a maple leaf for a spoon.
"Please, have you seen five fairies?" asked the little girl.
"Hand me that sugar," said the little lady. "That's right. Now put a gill of rose water and an ounce of dew and a measure of honey in. Now beat it well until I tell you to stop, and then, if you are a good child—and you look very sweet, if your frock is unbuttoned and your hair is mussed—you may wash all my dishes."
When Jane had stirred the cake until her arms ached, and then washed the dishes in the spring, the little lady said:

"You asked me about fairies. Suppose you ask the baby. I put her to sleep over there in the hummingbird's nest, but she's awake now. Perhaps she has seen a fairy. Babies do sometimes, you know."

The little girl peeped in a wee hummingbird's nest that hung on a tree close by, and there she spied the little lady's baby. Such a dear baby, no longer than Jane's tiniest finger, but as pretty as the prettiest doll! Her dress was spun of gossamer spider webs, and her cap was of frost lace, and her cheeks were as pink as rose petals, and her eyes were as blue as the blue of the sky.

"Oh, you dear little thing," cried the little girl, taking the baby up in her hand. "You look like a fairy yourself!"

The baby laughed, a tinkling little laugh that sounded like bells. Jane looked—and what do you think had happened? There were five fairies right in her hand! There was fat Thumbkin, with Pointer standing very straight just behind him. There stood Tall Man in his thimble cap. There was the little lady in her gold ring. Last of all, there was the dear baby, so pink and sweet.

"Run home, little girl," they all cried. "You helped us, and we are going to help you now."

So the child went home to her fairy godmother with her hand full of fairies; and the five—Thumbkin and Pointer and Tall Man and the little Ring Lady and the Baby—helped the child all the rest of her life.—Carolyn S. Bailey, in Kindergarten Review.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

A bee visits on an average of ten flowers before securing a load of nectar.

Old silk hats are in demand in the East End of London as nosebags for donkeys.

Over 4000 muscles have been counted in the body of a single common moth.

Farmers are beginning to light up their lands with electricity generated by waterfalls.

London motor bus drivers are fined for being ahead of time, but rarely for being late.

Tanning snake skins for the manufacture of women's belts has become a lucrative industry in Madras.

The largest delegation of foreign students attending American colleges last year was sent by Canada, 242.

The Chinese divide the day into twelve parts. Each part is distinct in itself and is of two hours' duration.

British seed crushers have 400,000 tons of last season's crop of soy beans in the Far East under contract.

The Burmese believe that by eating the flesh of the tiger one may acquire the sturdy characteristics of the animal.

The sudden demand for popular education in China is shown by the fact that the school attendance in one province alone has increased 8000 per cent. in five years.

A high-priced Chicago stenographer spoke of her machine in comparison to a piano, and declared that its rhythmic click, click and tap, tap, together with movements of the hands and arms, gave her the soothing sensations, restfulness and peace of piano playing.

An iron cyclone cellar is a novelty described in Popular Mechanics. It says that a metal concern in one of the cyclone States of the West is manufacturing the cyclone cellars of extra heavy galvanized corrugated iron. It has a cylindrical shape, and is provided with stairway, seats, shelves and bins.

A large number of money prizes are awaiting winning in England by aerial flights of different distances and under different conditions, but the one great condition attending nearly all the prizes is that either the machine or the aviator, or both, must be English. The most important prize is the \$50,000 offer of the Daily Mail.

Horses seldom suffer from decayed teeth, but because of the upper teeth closing on the lower ones a little on the outside, points are sometimes found which lacerate the cheek or penetrate the gums, creating a tenderness that prevents the proper mastication of food, annoying the horse so much that he falls away very rapidly.

Words.
When I was young, if I thought anybody's house was on fire, I said: "Sir, the abode in which you probably passed the delightful years of your youth is in a state of conflagration," and people called me a good writer then; now they say I cannot write at all, because I say: "Sir, your house is on fire."—John Ruskin.

Household Affairs.

A Sewing Hint.
In sewing up seams in very fine material or tucking, difficulty is often experienced in having the seam perfectly smooth without any puckering. If a strip of paper, not too stiff or brittle, be put under the material as it is placed under the foot of the machine and stitched, you will find that a perfectly smooth seam is the result. The paper is readily removed without injury to the very sheers material that is made. This is especially good to use when working on chiffon.—Housekeeper.

Apron For Morning.
A neat-looking apron for morning wear displays a panel front that extends from the shoulders to hem; the neck is cut round. The material joins the panel and is gathered to a belt at the top. This apron is full and completely covers the dress skirt. Straps are sewed to the panel on the shoulders and cross in the back, buttoning down to the belt. Two commodious pockets are attached to the front on either side of the panel. Such materials as chambray, gingham and madras are suitable for development in this style. Three yards of goods thirty-six inches wide are required for it.—New Haven Register.

To Wash Swansdown.
Swansdown can be cleaned in the following way:
Tack the strips firmly to a piece of muslin or calico. Make a lather of soap jelly and water, just hot enough to bear the hand in comfortably, and add a teaspoonful of liquid ammonia. Place the swansdown in this, leave it for a few minutes, squeeze up and down, and without wringing, put it into another lot of suds prepared in the same way. If it still looks soiled, use a third lot of suds, says Home Chat.

Then rinse in clear water and hang in the air to dry, giving it an occasional shake. When quite dry rip it from the muslin and rub the tack gently between the hands to soften it.

How to Water-Proof Cloth.
For raincoats or other water-proof clothing, woolen goods having a close weave are the best. Use goods in which the face is smooth and firm, although cloth having a soft face answers fairly well, provided the weave is tight and close. To water-proof the cloth, lay it out on a large table face up. Then take a block of paraffine about six inches square and rub it all over the face of the cloth, bearing down hard. This will leave a thin film of paraffine on the face of the cloth. Melt this film of paraffine into the goods, using a flat iron that is just warm. Too hot an iron will set the paraffine on fire and burn the goods. It is well to experiment with a small sample first, and learn how to do the water-proofing properly before starting in with a pattern of goods. To determine when the sample is properly water-proofed, hold it in a kind of bag with the face in, and pour in some water. If the water-proofing has been properly done the water will not wet the face of the cloth, but it will stay in globules and act as if it were on a greased board or hot stove.—Scientific American.

FOR THE EPIGURE

Molasses Taffy.—To four cupsful of New Orleans molasses, add a large spoonful of butter and two table-spoonfuls of vinegar. Boil rapidly for twenty minutes, stirring vigorously, or until it drops brittle in cold water. Add one teaspoonful of baking powder, pour into buttered tins, and when cool pull with floured hands.

Snow Balls.—Take any kind of delicate white cake or angel food and cut out round pieces. Have ready a boiled frosting made as follows: One cupful of sugar boiled in one-third cupful of water until it spins a thread, then beat in the whites of two eggs until foamy. Coat the balls with this icing, and sprinkle thickly with freshly grated coconut.

Drop Cookies.—Cream half a cupful of butter, and gradually add one cupful of sugar, one well-beaten egg, half a cupful of sour cream and half a teaspoonful of soda. Sift three heaping teaspoonfuls of the best baking powder with two and a half cupfuls of flour, add a teaspoonful of vanilla or lemon, mix thoroughly, and drop from large cookie-oon onto buttered tins.

Raisin Cookies.—Beat together one cupful of butter and two cups of New Orleans molasses or brown sugar, three eggs and two and one-half cups of flour. To this add a teaspoonful of baking powder and a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Stir in the juice of half a lemon, half a cupful of seeded raisins chopped fine. Roll out, cut into cakes and press a whole raisin on the top of each. These are wholesome and good for children.

Germans Coffee Cake.—Cream one-half cupful of butter with one cupful of sugar. Add two well-beaten eggs, two cupfuls of scalded milk, a pinch of salt and a two-cent yeast cake dissolved in half a cupful of water. Thicken with sufficient flour to make a batter that can be stirred with a spoon, then beat well and set to rise. In about three hours it will be light, then add a little flour, roll out about an inch thick, make into twists, and put to rise again in a shallow pan. When the dough has reached the top of the pan, spread with butter, sprinkle generously with sugar and cinnamon, and bake about thirty minutes. This is delicious as it can be, but raisins and currants may be added before putting in the flour.



BURDENS LIFTED FROM BENT BACKS

Weary is the back that bears the burden of kidney ills. There's no rest nor peace for the man or woman who has a bad back. The distress begins in early morning. You feel lame and not refreshed. It's hard to get out of bed. It hurts to stoop to tie your shoes. All day the ache keeps up. Any sudden movement sends a sharp twinge through the back. It is torture to stoop or straighten. At night the sufferer retires to toss and twist and groan. Backache is kidney ache—a throbbing, dull aching in the kidneys. To cure backache you must first cure the kidneys. Plasters or liniments won't do. You must get at the cause, inside.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURE SICK KIDNEYS

BACKACHE, DIZZINESS, NERVOUSNESS
Completely Relieved by Doan's Kidney Pills in Two Tests.
Mrs. P. W. Bessinger, 1328 Taylor St., Columbia, S. C., says: "I heartily recommend Doan's Kidney Pills, knowing from experience that they are a valuable remedy. Several years ago I suffered severely at times from pains in the small of my back and often felt dizzy and nervous. The kidney secretions were irregular in passage and caused me much annoyance. Hearing Doan's Kidney Pills highly recommended I procured a supply, and after taking the contents of several boxes I was so greatly relieved that I considered it unnecessary to continue their use. Recently I felt a slight recurrence of my trouble, but I immediately began using Doan's Kidney Pills and was relieved."

HOW TO TELL WHEN THE KIDNEYS ARE DISORDERED.

PAINFUL SYMPTOMS.—Backache, sideache, pains when stooping or lifting, sudden sharp twinges, rheumatic pains, neuralgia, painful, scanty or too frequent urination, dizzy spells, dropsy.


URINARY SYMPTOMS.—Discolored or cloudy urine. Urine that contains sediment. Urine that stains the linen. Painful passages. Blood or shreds in the urine. Let a bottleful of the morning urine stand for 24 hours. If it shows a cloudy or floccy settling, or a layer of fine grains, like brick-dust, the kidneys are disordered.

TWO YEARS CURED.
Backache, Kidney and Bladder Trouble Disappeared For Good.
J. A. Wirt, Russell St., Canistota, N. Y., says: "I had kidney and bladder trouble for more than a year. My back was lame and I had an ache across my kidneys day and night. For days at a time I could not stoop or lift, and if I attempted to do so sharp shooting pains radiated through my body. The kidney secretions were unusually thick and there was much sediment in them. The passages were also too frequent and caused me much annoyance. Having Doan's Kidney Pills brought to my attention I obtained a box. Their use brought relief in a few hours, and the contents of four boxes completely cured me. At that time I told of my experience in a public statement, and can now say that during the years which have since elapsed I have found Doan's Kidney Pills effective whenever I have taken them."

A TRIAL FREE Test Doan's Kidney Pills Yourself
Cut out this coupon, mail it to Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. A free trial package of Doan's Kidney Pills will be mailed you promptly.



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Sold by all dealers. Price 50 cents. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, N. Y., Proprietors.

BUENOS AYRES.
It is Now the Fourth City in the Western Hemisphere.
According to the census taken on October 22, 1909, the population of the city of Buenos Ayres was 1,189,602, an increase since the census taken on September 18, 1904, of 238,771, or 5½ per cent. per annum. Buenos Ayres continues to be the largest Latin American city, the largest city south of the equator and the fourth city in the two Americas, being only exceeded by New York, Chicago and Philadelphia.
If Buenos Ayres maintains the rate of increase of the period 1904-1909 for the next few years, it will contain 1,300,000 people on January 1, 1911, and 2,400,000 in 1924. As the increase, however, is constantly growing greater, even larger figures may be expected, though a slowly increasing factor may slightly counterbalance this—the development of the city of Bahia Blanca. Hitherto Buenos Ayres has been the only port of arrival for all the immigrants coming from Europe, who are just beginning to land at Bahia Blanca. This has been one of the main reasons why Buenos Ayres is so much larger than other Argentine cities. Rosario, the next largest, having 174,000 people, or slightly less than one-seventh of the population of the capital, and why it is also the main distributing and manufacturing centre. Every other country of settlement has had at least two separate ports for the reception and distribution of immigrants, while Argentina has only had Buenos Ayres. Though the development of Bahia Blanca must of necessity be gradual for several years to come, its natural harbor and other advantages make it in twenty or thirty years make it a most formidable rival to the capital, from which it has already wrested the right to be called the greatest wheat shipping port of South America.

U-Timed.
Eugene Higgins was taking tea on a warm January afternoon on the sun-drenched terrace of the Hotel Royal at Nice.
This bright, hot sunshine, that sparkling sea, these palms and flowers, all tend to make me gay," Mrs. Higgins said, "yet, fresh from the loss of my beautiful yacht, my gayety seems to myself as ill-timed as the gayety of John Marchmont."
John Marchmont's wife had died, and Mary Smith, the boson friend of the dead woman, had asked the afternoon off to attend the funeral.
"On Mary Smith's return from the funeral, her mistress said to her with gentle sympathy:
"And did you get on all right at the obsequies, Mary?"
"Indeed, ma'am, I had an elegant time," Mary answered. "I sat in a fine cab with the corpse's husband, and he squeezed my hand all the way to the cemetery and back, and he told me, said he—'Mary there's no doubt about it; you're the belle of the funeral!'—Washington Star.

HEADING OFF A TOUCH.
"I say old chap."
"Well!"
"Can you let me have a few moments of your time?"
"Yes; but that's all I can let you have."—Trenton American.

Japanese Formality.
The foreigner does not see the real Japanese life, even under the most favored conditions. Only the other day at a Japanese house my host, drawing his child to his breast and caressing it, said to me: "We cannot do that among ourselves, and the little fellow knows he has not any right to come near me (meaning to cuddle up to him) when there are guests; but as you are a foreigner you will excuse him." In Japan I noticed contrary signs, proving that the conduct of husband and wife to each other is by rigid rule purely formal under observation. Even the pretended throwing aside of formality is formal. Of course, I have learned something of other lives, but not by observation. The emotional side, even in the case of death, is forever hidden, not from us alone, but from all. I heard the other day of tragedies that astounded me. The sufferers—fellow-teachers—never interrupted duty nor hinted of their loss or suffering in any possible way. They would have thought themselves degraded to have done so.—Atlantic.

The University of Paris.
Not only is the University of Paris almost as big as that of Edinburgh, but it is just as cosmopolitan in regard to its students. They seem to flock there as they did in the Middle Ages, not only from all parts of Europe, but today from all the divisions of the world. There are now enrolled in the "Album" 115 students from Great Britain, 167 from the United States, 165 from Egypt, 233 from Rumania, 231 from Germany, 139 from Austria-Hungary, 1354 from Russia. Other countries represented are Bulgaria, Greece, Canada, Mexico, Panama, Buenos Ayres, Rio de Janeiro, China and Japan. In the case of Turks, Hungarians and Argentinians, these are sent by their own Governments. It is not only Paris, we are told, that is so favored. Some of the provincial seats of learning have a good percentage of foreign students. Twenty years ago Paris had on her books only 457 students, compared with 3,000 today.—London Globe.

MISS ADA REHAN RETURNS.
Miss Ada Rehan, the actress, who retired from the stage nearly a decade ago, arrived here on the American liner Philadelphia from Southampton. She was enjoying much better health than when she left New York City six months ago. Miss Rehan said she arranged several years ago to divide her time between England and New York. She has a home in Cumberland, England, where she spends the summer and fall, and during the remainder of the year she lives in her home in this city.—New York Tribune.

FUTURE GREATNESS.
"That boy surely will go to Congress when he grows up," says the father, after a vain effort to convince his young hopeful of the enormity of continued disobedience.
"What makes you think that?" asks the mother.
"Every time we send him to do something he does just what we do not want him to do, and then comes home and argues it was what we wanted, but that we didn't know it."—Chicago Evening Post.

Kansas Treasure Trove.
In a raid with search and seizure warrants of what is known as the Tom Bradford place at the west end of the Sardin bridge, Deputy Sheriff Bennett Juddins and Len Sails recently found the entire tract of six acres practically homogeneous with little caves and cellars used for the purpose of secreting alcohol.
Not near all the liquor was removed from the place, although a transfer wagon load of liquor and accessories was brought to the city, having been confiscated.
Outside, the officers say, nearly every little sand hill, and there are many of them, when sounded with a heard showed it was hollow. Not having anything with which to dig up the ground in search of contraband liquor, the deputies left the work of uncovering other liquor until that morning, when, armed with picks and shovels, they will go back and make a clean sweep of the entire premises, and promise to bring to light a large quantity of liquor.—Topeka Capital.

Forest Rangers at College.
It is not generally known that forest rangers in the West are allowed to take courses in forestry and conservation work at the colleges and universities of that section of the country, but such is the case," said O. L. Kenney of Seattle.
"Recently several hundred forest rangers were detailed by the Government to study forest subjects at the University of Washington. They are there now, taking special courses. The course lasts for three months, and of course is mostly practical. The rangers continue on the payroll, just the same as if they were at work in the forests. The Government believes that they will be better fitted for their actual work by some theoretical instruction and the benefit of the experience of older and experienced foresters. While this is an experiment, it is believed that it will prove a permanent matter, and the rangers will be sent to the university every winter to learn more of their profession.—Washington Post.

FAMOUS WAR BEAUTY DEAD.
Miss Rebecca P. Baird, the last of the elder representatives of one of Pennsylvania's oldest and wealthiest families, died here this morning, after having celebrated her eighty-second birthday last Thursday.
Miss Baird's brother was Spencer F. Baird, the head of the Smithsonian Institution. The deceased was a cousin of United States Senator Dotes Penrose and of Judge Edward W. Biddle. Miss Christine Biddle and Mrs. Moncure Robinson, Jr., of Philadelphia, were nieces of Miss Baird's, and her relationship in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York is both extensive and prominent socially.
Miss Baird's father was Samuel Baird, of Reading, Pa. In her early years and during the civil war Miss Baird was a famous beauty, and was interested in the preparation of supplies for the army hospitals. Among her warm friends in the '60s were numbered such men as Fitzhugh Lee and Stonewall Jackson.—Philadelphia Press.

Man's egoism puts him at the head of the animal kingdom.

AT THE SEASHORE.
"It's terribly hot where I'm sitting."
"Then go over and sit between Jack and Ada; there's a coolness between them."—Lippincott's.